

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 46

- Chapter 13
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- Zephyr tried to see me several times after 1 gr home from the hospital I kept my door locked. pretending I wasn't there.
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- One evening, our class president texted me
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- Emma: (What the hell is up with you and Zephyr?)
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- Phoebe: [...
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- Emma: [He's been totally losing his shit lately, Can you please handle him?]
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- Phoebe: [?]
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- Emma: [When are you planning to come back to school anyway?!
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- Before I could reply, Emma suddenly called me.
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- When I answered, it wasn't her voice on the line, but Zephyr's: "How much longer are you gonna keep up this bullshit, Phoebe?"
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- "Blocking me? Playing these pathetic little games just to get my attention?"
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- "You're welcome to disappear from my life completely! Who the fuck wants to go to the same college as you? You think I actually wanted that? I was just trying to make you happy because you're so goddamn obsessed with me!"
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- Zephyr's words were as vicious as ever, soaked in the same contempt I'd heard in the bathroom.
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- I paused, then replied with a calmness that surprised even me: "Okay. I understand."
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- This only seemed to enrage him further: "The hell does that mean? You're not done with your little tantrum yet?"
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- "Who was the one sobbing like a baby the other day? I'm throwing you a bone here—don't act like
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- you're above this shit!"
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- I responded with genuine indifference: "Zephyr, I already told you. I'm done with you."
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Chapter 13

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- Zephyr let out a bitter laugh.
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- "HA!
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- "Fine, FINE! Have it your way, Johnson. Remember, YOU'RE the one who said this. Don't come begging when you realize what you threw away!"
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- There was a violent crash from the other end of the call.
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- The sound of his phone being hurled against a wall.
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I ended the call and set my phone down gently on my desk.

Two weeks ago, his anger would have devastated me.

I would have called back immediately, apologizing, making excuses for him, desperate to smooth things over.

Now I felt nothing but relief, like setting down a heavy backpack I'd been carrying for years.

I didn't need to analyze his words or search for hidden meanings.

I didn't need to wonder if he really cared underneath all that rage.

I was free.

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